BEING RESTORED TO AMERICA.

Interesting Details of One of the Most Remarkable Voyages Ever

Undertaken.

New York Herald.

Of all the stupendous undertakings ever of all the moral courage and force of character displayed by man or woman; of all the martyrdoms for the sake of a principle -nothing has ever excelled in bravery the wonderful exploit of that small band of English religious exiles known to us as the Pilgrim Fathers, who risked the perils of the vast Atlantic and sought the inhospitable shore of an unexplored and savage land that they might be left in peace to worship God after their own fashion.

It is difficult in these days, with our more worldly and perhaps more egotistical education, to comprehend the spirit which urged the Puritans in their act of desperation, for desperate it certainly was. I wonder how many there are among us to-day who would be willing to set sail in a frail bark of a hundred tons to found a colony in an unsettled and savage part of Africa. The analogy is permissible. America meant no more to those exiles that Africa means

Even if they succeeded in crossing the ocean safely they knew there was none to welcome them on their arrival. No hotels or habitations to find shelter in, no food and no fire save what they themselves could provide. On the contrary, it was more than probable that the Indians would attack them fiercely wherever they attempted to land. Yet all these considerations did not deter them. What is more, these people were not of the pauper class that usually leaves its country to seek a home in distant lands. Most of them were well to do. delicately nurtured and accustomed to luxuries, and nearly all traveled with two or Allerton and Thomas English (seamen), geant or a patrolman his social advantages

"May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: 'Our forefathers way to the land of promise, and the piling goes, all honest folks ought to be in grims, distressed as they must have been bed," and he is not relieved until it o'clock great ocean and were ready to perish in this

It is in a diary kept by William Bradford, one of its passengers and second Governor of the first New England colony, that the wonderful story of the voyage of the Mayflower from England is found, and it is this precious record, which remained in manuscript form for over two hundred years and then mysteriously disappeared, that Engand has just consented to restore to us. The Herald has already told the story of the loss and the finding of this precious cument, generally known as the "log of the Mayflower.' THE BRADFORD DIARY.

The fascinating narrative as told by Gov-James I to the throne of England the Puritans had great hopes that the severities of Elizabeth toward them would be modified. In this, however, they were disappointed. every instant to engulf the vessel. The James bore them little favor. He saw in sailors began to lose heart and murmur. their tenets a leaning toward republicanism | The ship, they said, was not intended for and censure for his own profligacy and extravagance. So he adopted the most severe | and signs of open mutiny began to show measures against them, and finally, prosecuted and harassed wherever they dared to do worship in their own way, in 1607 a number of them fled from England and settled in Leyden, Holland, where for twelve years

They were kindly treated by the Dutch, but they soon found that their fellow-Puri-England preferred their bondage in England to life in a foreign country, and thus they began to think of removing to another land where they would be in less danger of losing their identity of race. me of them, however, were afraid of the journey and also of the dangers to be encountered on arrival. These objections to the scheme are recorded at length by Governor Bradford in his journal. He

"Others, from their reasons and hopes conceived, labored to stir up and encourage the rest to undertake and prosecute the same; others againe, out of their fears, cbcted against it and sought to divirte from it, aledging many things, and those neither unreasonable nor unprobable, as that it was a great designe and subject to many incon-ceivable pirelles and dangers, as, besides the casualties of the seas, the length of the voyage was such as the weake bodys of women and other persons worn out with age and traville could never be able to endure, and even if they should survive the voyage the miseries of the land which they should be exposed unto would be hard to be borne, and likely to consume and utterly to ruin them, for there they should be liable to famine, nakedness and want.

The question of raising sufficient money for so great a voyage was also a grave obstacle, but the gloomy picture drawn of the dangers to be incurred and the prudent reasoning of their leaders did not deter that determined band of religious enthusiasts

"All greate and honorable actions," they replied, "are accompanied by greate dif-The dangers are greate, but not full," which is eloquent enough. sperate; the difficulties are many, but not

ing Holland with another war, and he, they argued, might prove as cruel as the After praying God for direction and as- | safety on Nov. 11.

distance they discussed what particular part of America they should go to. Some to as being too hot for English people, and | furious ocean." also from fear of Spanish jealousy. And, be in as great danger of persecution on account of religion as if they stayed in Engwas chosen, and two agents-Robert Cush-Company to grant them a patent, with spe- | who fied on their approach. cial religious rrivileges.

James was g'ad enough to be rid of them, ised, however, to tolerate their practices tans soon heard that certain lords had obtained a grant from James of the north part of Virginia, which they would call New England, and here they decided they

THE PILGRIMS SET SAIL. After much parleying all the details for the voyage were finally completed. A small ship (the Speedwell) was bought and fitted in Holland, and another (the Mayflower) was hired in London. The few days previous to their departure were spent in prayer. Then "ye last day," says Bradford, "ye time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied by most of their brethren out of the citie to Deifta Haven, thirty-six miles from Amsterdam, left that goodly pleasant citie which had been the resting place near seventeen years, but they knew they were pilgrims and looked not much on those things but lifted up their eyes to the heavens,

their dearest countrie and quieted their When the pilgrims arrived at Delftshaven they found the ship. Everything or Easter. The managing editor looks at was ready. Hoisting sail, the exiles soon arrived at Southampton, where they found the Mayflower with the rest of their com- own which he thinks more important-this of men will be leading her husband home pany. Here they expected to obtain some is frequently the case." Mr. McCutcheon money to pay off certain debts incurred, smile but there was some disagreement concerning the patent, and to clear the harbor they were forced to sell some of their provisions. They wrote concerning this: "We are in such a strait at present as we are forced to sell away sixty pounds worth of our provisions to clear ye Haven and withal put ourselves upon great extremities, scarce having any butter, no oyle not a sole to mend a shoe, nor every man a sword to his side, wanting many muskets, much ar-

mours, etc. Finally, everything being settled, the company was called together. The pilgrims were distributed between the two ships as it was thought best. They also chose a governor and two assistants for each ship te maintain discipline among the people on the voyage and to see after the provisions and so forth. These details being termi-

nated, they set sail on Aug. 5, 1620. The two vessels had hardly lost sight of the coast when the Speedwell was found to be leaking, and they were forced to put back to Dartmouth. Repairs were made. and again the ships turned their bows westward. But before long the Speedwell once more sprung a leak, and, the ship being judged too unseaworthy for such a voyage it was decided to dismiss her and proceed

er as much of the other ship's provisions as could be stowed away, and then determined who among the passengers should be EXTRACTS FROM THE RARE DIARY left behind, for the Mayflower could not

> flower once more hoisted sail and stood out MAYFLOWER'S PASSENGER LIST. One of the most interesting features of Governor Bradford's records is the full passenger list of the Mayflower, giving, as it does, the names and social status. The list is prefaced by the compiler with the

soon weeded out, and on Sept. 6 the May-

following words: "The names of those which came over | There are many women in St. Louis who attempted by humanity; of all the stoic first, in ye year 1620, and were by the bless- declare they might as well be old maids as heroism exhibited by the world's heroes; ing of God the first beginners and (in a far as the society of their husbands is consort) the foundation of all the plantations and colonies of New England and their families: Mr. John Carver, Katherine his wife and

two man servants. William Bradford and Dorothy his wife. Mr. Edward Winslow and Elizabeth his Mr. William Brewster, Mary his wife, and two sons, Love and Wresling.
Mr. Isaak Allerton, Mary his wife, and

three children, Bartholomew, Remember and Mary. Captain Miles Standish and Rose his wife. John Alden, a ship's cooper. Mr. Samuel Fuller.

Mr. Christopher Martin, wife and serv-William Mullins, wife and two children, Joseph and Priscilla. William White, Susanna his wife, son Resolved and infant Peregrine, born on the daring captures of thieves and murderers Mr. Richard Warren.

and four children, Giles, Constanta, Damaris and Oceanus, the last born at sea. Edward Tillie, Ann his wife and two chiliren, Henry and Humility.

John Howland.

Rodger Wilder.

John Tillie, his wife and daughter Eliza-Francis Cook and his son John. Thomas Rodgers and his son Joseph. Thomas Tinker, wife and son.

John Ridgedale and Alice his wife. Edward Fuller, his wife and son Samuell John Turner and two sons. Francis Eaton, Sarah his wife and on Samuell. James Chilton, wife and daughter Mary. John Crackston and son John.

John Billington, Ellen his wife and two sons. John and Francis And these servants-Moses Fletcher, John Goodman, Degory Priest, Thomas Williams, Gilbert Winsiow, Edmund Margesm, Peter Browne, Richard Butteridge, George Soule, wind, the Mayflower was soon well on her | p. m., just at the time when, as the old sayin their cramped and unaccustomed quar- the next morning. In many cases he must Bradford does not chronicle it, except to arrest he has made, and he is lucky if he ished his wickedness," says Bradford, "for he dyed on ye voyage and was thrown overboard himself."

A spell of fine weather followed, and for a week or more the Mayflower cut her way through the trackless ocean, sped on by a The fascinating narrative as told by Gov-ernor Bradford begins with the struggles of time discussing their plans for the future. A child was born about this time and was named Oceanus, in honor of the Atlantic land for independence. On the ascension of Then the ship ran into ugly weather, which soon developed into a storm. The frail bark was tossed on the huge waves like a ly, flooding the cabins and threatening

so long a voyage and was not seaworthy. They gathered in groups apart on the deck, themselves. So the chiefs of the pilgrims held a consultation and decided to continue at all hazards, the voyage now being half over. They succeeded in convincing the sailors that their interest was to comple wages if they insisted on going back. "So." the narrative continues, "they (the

exiles) committed themselves to ye will of God and resolved to proceed. In sundrie of ye seas so high, as they could not bear a above ye gratings was with a roll of ye ship thrown into the sea, but it pleased God | their hands in his gore. life saved."

CAPE COD SIGHTED. Early in November, and after many weary weeks of this continual battle with the elements they at last sighted land, which proved to be Cape Cod. The joy of the poor exiles may be well imagined by those familiar with the Atlantic trip. Even in these days, when it is little more than a luxurious ferry, how eagerly one rushes to ability of being cut or shot by some desthe ship's side when land is seen. What, then, must these poor exiled people have felt after being cooped up for two months in what nowadays we should hesitate to navigate the sound in. Governor Bradford describes their feelings as "not a little joy-

Unfamiliar with the coast, the master. after some deliberation with the chiefs, resolved to tack about ship and stand south to seek some place near the Hudson river for their habitation. But after holding on American savage. And so was decided this course for some time the master was upon the immortal voyage that was des- intimidated by the numerous shoals and tined to found one of the greatest nations | rocky coast and turned back toward the

"Being thus arrived," the narrative goes on, "in good harbor and brought safe to suggested Guiana, it being a rich and warm | land, they fell upon their knees on the deck climate; others favored Virginia, which of the ship and blessed the God of heaven was already settled. Guiana was objected | who had brought them over the vast and

On the days that followed the women and then, if they went to Virginia they would children made no attempt to land, but parties of the men went ashore in the boat to look for a suitable landing place. The first land, and perhaps in worse. But Virginia to land was a body of sixteen of the passengers, headed by Captain Standish. man and John Carver-were sent to Eng-land to pray the King and the Virginia tack by the Indians, whom they saw, but

Finally, after many days' reconnoitering, the scouts fixed upon the place now known but refused to authorize by public act the as Plymouth as a suitable settlement, and religious freedom they asked. He prom- on Nov. 25 (Forefathers' day) they began to erect the first habitations for the colony. as long as they were peaceful. The Puri- and on Dec. 11 the whole of the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock and laid the first stone in the mighty edifice known to-day as the United States of America. Thus was commenced and successfully ended one of the most marvelous undertakings of any/age, a feat which Americans will always speak of with pride and the story of which will be told and retold as

long as this Nation does endure. HOW CARTOONS ARE MADE. John T. McCutcheon Gives Away the

Secret at Chicago. Chicago Inter Ocean. John T. McCutcheon gave a talk on "How to Make a Cartoon" at the Central Y. M. the cartoons falling from his charcoal with rather more ease than the words fell from

"The first thing in the mornina," he said, "the cartoonist reads the papers and gets from them four or five ideas to submit to the editor. These are generally on the leading topics of the day-the Grecian war, the Humphrey bills, or the doings at the City Hall at present-though he sometimes strays to lesser subjects, like the weather them, and may choose one, or may discard them all, or he may have some idea of his

"When they have agreed on something, he makes the preliminary sketch on rough paper, with little regard for artistic merit. He may draw four or five pairs of legs or arms as his conception of the picture changes, till to the ordinary person who did not understand which pair was wanted the picture would be utterly unintelligible." Mr. McCutcheon drew a kind of Siamese twin, with two bodies, six legs and four arms, which would have made a dime museum man wild with delight. The audience went wild with delight, too; it felt that it was at last getting at the heart of art. The artist explained with illustrations the tricks by which prominent men were indicated by cartoonists-a large hat and whiskers meant Benjamin Harrison; a alging forehead and shaggy eyebrows, McKinley; a certain rotundity of form, Cleveland; plain whiskers, Hesing, and so on. He omitted to mention the names on scramble after the elusive item, and he the collars of their victims, which enabled o many cartoonists to be fully intelligible. In answer to a question from the audience the speaker explained the method of

WOMEN IN BIG CITIES WHO ARE AL-MOST LIKE WIDOWS. The discouraged and the nervous were

> Their Husbands Seldom at Home, Except When Eating or Asleep-The Newspaper Man's Life.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

cerned. They dart across the matrimonial horizon with meteoric swiftness, and their wives see so little of them that they hardly have time to keep acquainted. The lot of these women is full of dissatisfaction and anxiety, and it is little wonder that they not infrequently complain.

Notable among them are the wives of firemen, policemen, politicians and morning newspaper men. Though married, they are practically widows, yet have all the cares anxiety concerning their husbands' safety. In the days of courtship it was different. With breathless interest they listened to their sweethearts' tales of rescues at fires, at the point of a revolver, clever political coups and victories and glowing "scoops" recorded by the morning press, and each Mr. Stephen Hopkins, Elizabeth his wife loving maiden considered her own sweetheart the bravest and most dashing hero in | and is almost as baneful as murder, the world. They saw each other frequently, and took little thought of the future beyond the date of the wedding, when cruel night should separate them and plunge the wire into the depth of anxiety and the husband into temptation and danger.

The life of the policeman is one that is not to be envied from a social standpoint, and nobody is a greater sufferer on this account than his wife. If he is employed at the desk in one of the police stations at night he must be there ready for duty at 7 o'clock in the evening and remain until 7 o'clock the next morning. By the time he gets home and eats his breakfast the children are ready for school and he gets only a glimpse of them. He must sleep until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and by the time he is ready to leave for work again he has very little opportunity to converse with night" he must report for duty at Il o'clock ters, supported everything without com- appear in the Police Court or some other plaint, or if they did complain Governor court to give testimony concerning som remark that most of the passengers suf- gets home before the middle of the afterfered from seasickness. One of the sailors, noon. By that time he is tired and goes to brutal fellow, cursed the people as they | bed at once, only to rise again about 10 ay writhing on the decks and told them o'clock. By that time the children are he hoped half of them would be overboard asleep, and if he sees them awake once a before the journey was over. "God pun- week-unless he lives near enough to go home for breakfast-he considers himself fortunate. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that a policeman goes for two or three weeks at a time without even so much as speaking to his children, and when he gets his regular two days of recreation once a month he is almost like a stranger in the

SOME WOMEN'S THOUGHTS. This state of affairs seems bad enough of itself, but the wife must bear the heavy end of the burden. With true wifely solicicork, the seas washed over her continuous- tude for her husband's safety, she lies awake at night worrying while he walks a beat in the distance. She imagines that negro minstrelsy was a success from the compared shotguns. When the war broke countless ills beset his pathway, whereas he may be safely ensconced in the back room of some cab or messenger office, taking a nished fresh materials for the stage. It odds had reconciled themselves, and they quiet nap about 3 a. m. She thinks of him walking around with frost-bitten ears, with a high wind raging and the thermometer at 3 degrees below zero, whereas, in all the voyage, as they would not receive their | probability, he is in some saloon giving the bartender a "jolly" and smoking or drink-ing occasionally at the latter's expense stove, taking time, about once an hour, to run around the block and see if anybody

knot of sails, but were forced to anchor for | these thoughts do not occur to the mind of the good wife. In her perturbed fancy as they thus lay at anchor, in a mighty | she sees her liegelord walking bravely storm, a lustie young man (called John along, earning every nickel of his salary while thieves and murderers and highway that he caught hold of the topsail halliards, fact these men are doing their best to dodge which hung overboard and ran out of her husband and all policemen, but the wife length; yet he held his hold (though he was | does not take these facts into consideration sundry fathoms under water) till he was and so worries on through the night. She held up by the same rope to the brim of | remembers the time he was shot or stabbed the water and then with a boat hook and | while engaged in the performance of his other means got into the ship again and his duty, and how they brought him home bloody and with a deathly pallor on his face, and she cannot blot the remembrance from her mind. She constantly fears a repetition of the scene, or that he will, play skillfully on the violin, and before he be killed outright, He bids her not to worry, but to her feminine way of thinking his words are intended to gloss over the real situation and she only frets the more, The only actual danger to which a policeman is exposed is the murderous instinct of some robber whom he surprises in the

act of committing a crime or the probperate character whom he may attempt to arrest. These dangers, however, even in a large city, are not omnipresent, but of the dearth of social features in a policeman's life there can be no doubt But the fireman's wife! There is the little woman who has a genuine grievance. If her husband were a policeman and could be at home every day or every night she would be happy. But he must sleep at his engine house six nights out of the week, and fighting fires and rescuing women does not seen of their courtship. Then she thought of him only as a hero. Now she thinks of him in the double role of husband and father, and the fear of danger is ever present. When she is awakened during the night by the fierce clang of gongs and the rattling of horses' hoors on the paved streets she moans in anticipation of the danger he may encounter. She recalls some of the terrible

which men have been crushed by falling walls or swallowed up by devouring flames, and there is no more sleep for her that Even were not the sense of danger always before her there is much to detract from her enjoyment of every day life. She must seek the company of friends or relatives it she desires to go to any social event or pubic entertainment, for she can never count on her husband's companionship. If one of her friends is to be married it is certain to be at a time when he can't get a night off and other important events take place when he finds it impossible to attend. Further than that, when he has a night off he usually prefers to stay at home and get

acquainted with the children, so that the

wife's opportunities for enjoying herself

disasters that have occurred at fires in

outside of the family circle are limited. THE POLITICIAN'S WIFE. Then there is the wife of the politician. Be he a ward heeler or a presidential candidate, there is no essential difference. He is always out at night, either scheming to keep himself in office or to get some other fellow into office. During city, state and national campaigns he hardly has time to speak to his wife, for his presence among "the boys" will go far toward disconcert- streis. ing the enemy-the fellows who are trying C. A. building last night. It was illustrated, to gobble all the offices-and saving the nation. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated, and he endeavors to impress it upon the mind of his wife with a great display of disinterested patriotism. Of course this appeal to her vanity has some effect, for where is the woman who does not like to think of her husband as a potent factor in the affairs of the community in which he resides? But there are many drawbacks to enjoyment in her case. While it is pleasant to contemplate her husband as a leader of

men, there is no telling at what hour a lot with a case of "hydrophobia." activity is very wearing on the system. and a "constant drop" of liquor such as is dispensed during the campaign season will undermine the hardest constitution. sides this, the wife is practically isolated from society during her husband's busy months, and this of itself is enough to make her melancholy, to say nothing of the probability of having the furniture wrecked at midnight. Still, political preferment means more money and better living, and many of these dames, of high and low degree, are willing to bear with the ills of the present for the sake of the good they may

eventually bring. Another poor woman who has a hard time is the wife of the morning newspaper man. She might as well be in the Fiji islands, as far as association with her husband is concerned. Be he city editor or a common ordinary reporter, he must be at the office at 12:30 o'clock p. m., ready for the daily must keep on scrambling until midnight By the time he waits for an owl car and gets home and to sleep it is 1:30 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and he will hardly rise beransferring the finished picture to a zink | fore 10. That leaves him two hours to talk | plate by photography, and then etching it in | to his wife and eat "breakfast," and half

LOG OF THE PILGRIMS in the Mayflower alone. So they put back NIGHT WORKERS' WIVES and his wife almost forgets what it is to If he is on the "late watch" he must remain at the office until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, but the copy reader and the versatile police reporter never get away until 3:30 a. m. In the summer they do not reach home until after daylight, and by the reading the newspapers that they are enabled to keep in touch with the world. They lead a dog's life, and it is little wonder that some of them seek surcease of sorrow in the flowing bowl. Then they get fired. But what of the poor wife? Her reporter husband has filled her so full of thrilling stories of the dangers he has met, seen and conquered that she is ready to believe anything, and imagines everything. In her fancy she sees him going into dark places what time he will be taken home marked with the result of one of these three conditions. She would be better off without a husband, and that is why so many gallant and magnanimous young men in the newspaper business never get married he has children he never sees them but once or twice a week, and then only for an hour. When he gets home they are in bed and asleep. When he gets up they are at school. On Saturdays and Sundays up, and then they are frequently out playof a household, to say nothing of hourly being chastised by his father, complained to his mother that "that man who comes here Sundays had slapped him" applies with peculiar force to newspaper mea. But the wives of these are not the only ones who suffer from enforced negligence on the part of their husbands. There are cab drivers, telegraph operators, barten-ders, waiters, hotel cierks and scores of different kinds of laboring men who work at night and who get to see their families and friends only at rare intervals. Night work is responsible for many of the lils of life,

NEGRO MINSTRELS.

The Rise and Growth of a Popular Form of Entertainment.

Philadelphia Times. dour wandered from castle to castle, singing his songs to the noble ladies and the ropber barons. The negro minstrel of antebellum days simply wandered from town to town. In the days "befo' de wah, sah, the advent of a company of strolling players was hailed with delight. Then the Hutchinson family and the Swiss Bell-ringers were about the only forms of public wanted something different; something in wanted. Few of us at this late day can ness interests many. the great event the barn or hall was crowded to its rafters. The exquisite fooling of the impersonator never failed to 'bring down" the house, and "Mistah Johnsing," with his big mouth and his big words, split the ears of the groundlings. But, above all, it was the simple folk songs, with their mirthful and fluent melody, that touched most deeply the sentiments and hearts of the listeners. The singer only needed the inspiring presence and applause al verses to the cat-like picking of his ban-Very rarely an audience went away without the feeling that they had received the worth of their hard-earned money After the minstrel troupe had departed, the on everybody's lips, and the questions, the gags, the attitudes of the interrogator were a country milloond, repeated for the twentieth time with the same keen relish which they excited the very first time. Indeed, the latest hit or the same school at irregular intervals, and mment on current eyents was not com- the same sociables and public functions it smacked of the soil. It presented a new caught instantly the popular fancy and tickled immensely the public ear. It was only natural that the plantation negro, with all his faults, follies and fun, should, in time, find a permanent place upon the American stage. Sixty years ago plantation life, in its various phases, was a sealed book to the people of the North. Travelers who visited the sunny South often imagined themselves in a land of milk and honey and of song. Yet there was something in the temperament of the negro people, in the character of their history and in the nature of their folk songs that appealed to the dullest imagination. Besides having had a dark and checkered career, the negro was a strange compound of many old and strongly marked charac-

teristics. But over all there reigned a strange spirit of humor, of fancy, of music and of poetry. Added to this, there were burning political and social conditions of negro life which, later on, found dramatic expression in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Strange to say, a native of Ohio. Dan Emmet by name, is said to have been the first performer to present the plantation negro on the stage. And so Emmet must stand as sponsor to negro minstrelsy was twenty years of age he was fiddling for Stickney's circus. It was in his travels with the circus that he picked up those materials of negro life and negro character which so surprised and delighted our Northern folk. The years 1842-43 are given as the time in which Dan and three others got together and presented their odd bits of darkey dialect and music. These presentations first attracted the attention managed a circus on the Bowery. He advised the "boys" to go ahead and to enlarge their programme. At first no burnt cork was used. One night Emmet and his band blackened their faces and took part in a benefit given in the old Chathamstreet Theater, in New York. The change was received with shouts of delight, and after that burnt cork minstrelsy was the only thing. For several years Emmet and his companions traveled through the country, and, as already intimated, people in truly extravagant figure for minstrel talent in those days. The success of Emmet's minstrels led to the formation of many other troupes. One of the best known was that of Charley White, located on the Bowery, in New York

city, opposite the old theater. It was there that Mort Saxon and Johnny Diamond made their mark in the profession. In dancing the "Essence of Old Virginny' Saxon is said to have equaled the agility and ease of Daddy Rice himself. Those who can remember the farces like "The Magic Penny," and songs like "Hard Times, harbor a sneaking sympathy for Charley White and his confreres. Another one of the early organizations was that of George Christy. It was he who first gave voice to number of such popular songs as "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home,"
"Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" songs which gave to the late Stephen C. Foster not only a reputation and a name. but songs which will live until we are all dust. Christy was courageous enough to take his minstrel show to London, but his poldness was abundantly rewarded. The English people flocked to the house night after night to laugh at and applaud the broad studies of darkey life. The name of 'Jim Crow' soon became a household word, and "wheel about, turn about," was in great vogue. In London "nigger minstrels' (as they were then called) are still a permanent feature. Indeed, some have gone as far as to say that several curious English ideas of our country and our institutions

must have been obtained from the min-It was some years before a well-organized minstrel troupe located permanently in a city. What was known as "Emmet's Varieties" settled in Chicago. It was the first local minstrel show to obtain lasting success. This was in 1855. Two or three years later Dan Bryant formed his famous organization in New York. It was in Bryant's that "Dixie" first came out as a walkaround. This song, perhaps, as much as any one thing, brought Bryant into popular favor. After his death a first-class minstrel troupe was formed by Birch and Backus, on Broadway. Charles Backus was i son of a Presbyterian minister, and, if struck some comic attitudes on the stage. He was quite an original character. His strong point lay in making jokes and gags and songs upon the gossip and scandal of the day. Thus the Beecher trial furnished material for Backus and rich fun for a delighted audience. In name only were Birch and Backus negro minstrels. The blacked faces of the men were by no means necessary for the characters which they-intended to represent. Only in a small way were their materials taken from studies of darkey life. In all this they have been followed by subsequent minstrels. The impersonator no longer directs his efforts to present negro life and character. Take Emerson and Chatcher, both of whom followed in the footsteps of Birch and Backus. What were

stump speech. Mental Science Enthusinst.

"All disease comes from the fear of it." Disputant-But children have no thought of sickness. "Oh, they are surrounded by an atmosphere of anxiety. Children would never be sick if it were not for their mothers worrying about them.

THE COLONEL AND THE MAJOR

They were agriculturists pure and simple, but, seen riding down the creek, each astride a stalwart horse, one hand on the bridle, the other grasping a long fishingtime they again reach the office in the aft- | pole, their appearance was not unmartial; ernoon nearly everybody else in the city is they looked like knights of old bearing thinking about quitting work for the day. In the winter they hardly see daylight lances to the charge, the canteens and baltfrom one week to another, and it is only by | cans slung at their saddles helping out the illustration. It was when other people came to the mill to fish that these veteran pre-empiers of the ground, or rather of the pond, retired down stream. They always brought saddles along with them for use in such emergency. They had their own method of fishing, and certain favored secret spots which afforded them more forand getting shot or "half shot," or run over I tune and gratification than others. The by a street car, and there is no telling at presence of picnic parties or buggy-loads of gay young soprismen was an interference; besides, the laughing and talking annoyed as idiots, dunderheads, what, not, prefacthem. Fishing with them was a serious delight, not to be undertaken in any light

The Ulee pond was by all odds the best fish pond in that part of South Carolina; so said the major, and he had given each only he finds them at home when he gets and all faithful trial. "It was known, sir. in Daggett's time, for its fine fish. It was a set thing for each newly installed Governor to go there with his staff and dine off of fish. Fish fresh-caught, sir, plumped right fearing that godless deeds might be done. out of the water into the frying-pan. Fish and corn bread. That was the bill of fare; but such fish and such corn bread --!" and the major's fat hand laid expressively on the seat of life would put a fitting period | and he was that white I looked for him to to his peroration.

The colonel and the major, though one lived twelve miles from the pond in one direction and the other thirteen miles in another, were far more zealous of the advantages of that piece of property than the owner. Mr. Ulee did not care who fished at the pond so long as they closed the pasture Somehow the name minstrel takes us gate securely after them in going in and back to those feudal days when the trouba- coming out. Squatters, indigent darkies, men who caught fish to sell, all were welcome, so far as he was concerned, so long as they did not injure anything of real value. From the owner's point of view the fish were a small matter, something of which he never thought except when helped entertainment country people had, and they at table to a specially well-flavored piece of trout or bream. He was a Northern another artistic direction. And, happily, in | man driven South by the need of a softer Richard Clarke, Richard Gardiner, John the members of his family. If he is a ser
Allerton and Thomas Experimental Clarke, Richard Gardiner, John the members of his family. If he is a ser
negro minstrelsy they found just what they climate. His health was poor and his busi
mill on the sheeting. When the mill had have been there to see. And that, of course,

> which the people in the country anticipated | my life. I know nothing about fishing or the coming of negro minstrels. For days | hunting. I really don't believe I could load | gun or pistol," he said one day to the colonel and the major, who were lunching on his mill dam when he passed, and who hastened to offer hospitality. It is safe to say that each of his listeners regarded him with a feeling that had in it a quality of awesomeness. "A man who did not value the good things at his door, who allowed pot-hunters to make free on his land and actually to set nets in that rare pond!" They could not comprehend him. He, on his part, regarded them as mildly demented. When, as he flung wide his window shutters at dawn to grasp the bell rope that hung without and ring an alarm that would warn his plow hands to work, he caught sight of a yellow umbrella moving through the pasture woods, he wondered vaguely what the attraction could be quips and cranks of the "end men" were that could rouse a man from his bed at midnight to go jolting over rooty roads to The colonel and the major had friends from boyhood. They had attended

> plete till Dan Emmet, Dan Bryant or Char- afterwards. Later they swapped opinions ley Backus had added his say to it. Thus on cotton-planting, and swapped dogs and start. It was a purely native product, for | out they went in, heart and soul, and came out unscathed, to find things rather unprofound that the getting back any degree of their former prosperity involved a continual struggle and contention and something that closely resembled work, they each took to philosophy and fishing. With all the experiences and vicissitudes they had shared there was one phase of life that had no common entrance for them. The colonel had been married, and the major had not, and, what was more, he tolerated no female person in his sight. He lived in bachelor seclusion on his sandy plantation with only men attendants. The place yielded barely enough income to support him with the necessities of existence. Years before he had been wont to give gay Years before he had been would expinse dinners there, and never to count expinse

and never lack for people to carry ou bidding. He never invited company now, but he was content enough. When he died whatever was left of his land would go to a nephew in the up-country, who, although he had espoused the Populist cause, yet held a warm place in his uncle's heart. The colonel, on the other hand, was just a little bit under petticoat government. His sister Hattie made a home for him, and spoiled energetically the boy who would one day inherit the place, if there was anything left of it to inherit. Miss Hattie did not think there would be anything left, for the colonel was ruinously given to doing whatever suited his pleasure best. Miss Hattie was a loyal woman, though, and well grounded in the belief that no one of her sex, whatever might be her gifts and intuition, could ever be wiser than the ordained lords of creation. usually glaring negligence of the colonel's came to her notice, but she patiently lined and bound with green his broad-brimmed fishing hats, that they might last longer. and made him new game and shot bags when the old ones wore out. She did more; she wrote his letters for him, read to him and made him disastrously comfortable. When the sap began to run up in the spring and the February plowing became important, the colonel commenced to take proportionate interest in corks, in lines, in manner of hooks and flies and trolls. He invested in new relays of canes and lived in an abstracted atmosphere. Only once Miss Hattie ventured to say, under stress of aggravation, that the black mare used on those constant expeditions

to the pond might be better employed in the spring plowing. Her brother so demeaned himself on the occasion that she never repeated her remonstrance. The black mare knew the road to Ulee's pond as well as she knew her manger. She knew the holes to avoid, the stumps to go round, the turn-outs to make, where a tree | no relish to go with the corn bread and had fallen or a quagmire yawned. Her predecessors had been careful travelers the fishermen held their post, but few fish likewise. The colonel knew something about a horse.

In prosperous days the colonel and the major both would arrive at the pond with a retinue of attendants in their wake, the black folk enjoying the outing as much as their masters. As things got more downin-the-mouth with them they dispensed with first one and then another of these supposedly indispensable servants; at last they took to driving over with only a small boy in tow, or with no boy at all. Dick the miller was on hand. He had a feeling for fishermen, and was a fair cook and water bearer and balt digger as well. There was no maid in all their long-gone youth (for it was said that it was because he had been jilted that the major had taken such a dislike to women) courted more assiduously than the black-skinned miller. The colonel and the major knew the pond know it better, infinitely better. The miller lived near it. His cabin was only a little way off in the woods. He was wont to get up at all hours of the night and go across the dam to see how the water stood; if the gates must be raised or lowered. There was no fish hole or cunningly hidden fishbed in all that pond that he did not know. If he was kept in good humor these secrets might be won from him. All the colored fisherfolk in the neighborhood, men and women and children, loked upon the miller as a sort of store from whom they could get fishing

that his white patrons kept him well supday's outing at Ulee's pond the colonel and the major enjoyed the most; possibly breakfast, breakfast under the gnarled maple that shadowed the dam, with Dick in attendance, as waiter. The fine-flavored fresh-caught fish and the coffee-coffee with maybe just a dash of something stronger in it-were inspiration to the colonel, who usually talked then at his best There was an urbanity, an evenness, about the major, that was lacking in the colonel The colonel was huffy sometimes, and in sunny, melting mood at others. He had

apparatus on application. It was known

had varied hobbies in his day, and now, in the afternoon of life, he was riding one harder than ever. The black miller was not unappreciative of the powers of oratory He was spinxlike, not only in looks, but in inscrutability, but he would not have missed the talk at those morning collations their greatest hits? Billy Emerson's as an for worlds. The colonel's hobby was his Irish policeman; Thatcher in making a interpretation of state politics. got on and rode the hardest, Dick was most entertained. The colonel knew well enough that he and the major too, and others of like lik, were "back numbers," so to speak in the management of county or State affairs; but the statesmen of the old regime were dear to his soul, and he was fond of airing their views and of drawing personal comparisons between them and the men

then in charge. He had apparently swallowed intact whole pages, whole volumes, of senatorial with acid. He also, by request, drew many an hour to get back to the office. He works whole volumes, of senatorial seven nights out of the week, with probations—Pink Marsh, the bly one Sunday night off during the month, phan asylum."

"Yes, I see. Then please account for a seven nights out of the week, with probation of scarlet fever in an orthe mood, would let loose the flood of his

acquired elequence on whatever or whover chanced to be present. Perhaps one secret of the colonel's friendship for the down. I'd lose my place to-morrow. placid major was that the latter seldom cared to air opinions of his own, and never offered to stem the tide of other people's oratory. The major did not profess to be versed in history or letters. When his colleague undertook to swamp everything with words on these subjects, he listened with patient resignation and perhaps took pleasure in his friend's superior knowledge. The colonel was a picture as, waving his tin coffee cup rather recklessly, he would square himself against the crusty trunk of the maple and spout patriotism and highflown sentiment by the yard. At such times Dick, from his post near by, would gaze in open-mouthed wonder and admiration, never once taking his eyes off of the

colonei's beak-like visage. It was one morning when breakfast under the maple had been delayed until almost 10 o'clock, owing to the slowness of fish to appreciate the worms offered, that something unprecedented happened. The colonel had denounced the Populists as noodles, ing adjectives more emphatic than elegant, and was fairly launched on a senatorial speech delivered in 1833, which he had by heart, when the major, who must have had indigestion for some unwonted ill, ventured to raise a feeble word in behalf of the denounced faction. Perhaps it was the thought of the young up-country legislator that prompted the luckless protest. Be that as it may, there ensued a scene that made black Dick's frog-like eyes bulge out further than ever. He said afterwards that he stood ready to jump in between the two,

"The colonel fair shook his fist in the major's face and danced with rage," tells Dick, "and I didn't know how things would come out, 'cause none of the major's people ever been cowards. Well, the major he up and told things as I never expected to hear, fall down. The major's a big man; when he gets roused all through it takes a mighty heap to quiet him. It seems like he was notionate not to fight the colonel, but he was mad enough to kill him, and I was fixin' to run quick to the buggy and throw 'way the pistols which I knowed was there under the seat. After they had 'buse each other till they was 'gain wore out, then they drive off home madder than hornets, and neither of 'em show their face to the pond in a long time. I know that hurt 'em, cause it was just the pick time for pleasuring theyself.

The colonel and the major had fallen out, and Mr. Ulee, as he rang his morning warning, no more saw the yellow umbrella trundling through the trees.

One morning late in the season, as Dick was raising a particularly obstinate gate, the major loomed in sight. The miller, who had missed his patrons sadly, welcomed him cordially. The major took notes of the weather, the depth of water, and so on, and decided to fish down in front of the sawed lumber, the sheeting had been kept | settles it. were holes in it, holes that wily trout and bream knew well, and that the major knew

"Bring down my chair, Dick," he called as he descended the step path that led to into the boat I found that the part of the The colonel and the major both had given him stout home-made chairs, in charge, to when wanted. There was no bank to fish from down in front of the mill. There was water in between the race way and the stream which moved the wheels of the little grist mill further over. In orsheeting, the fisher had to stand in water up to the knee. With their accustomed consideration for comfort the colonel and rent in midstream for hours, with their feet and legs cased in high rubber boots. They had not been wont to talk when seated thus, vis-a-vis, but eloquent glances would be interchanged as good luck or ill befell the business of the mo-

Dick was pleased to see the major in his ecustemed chair, and against the time that he should want breakfast he proceeded to kindle a fire. It was while on his knees on the dam, blowing up some half-dead embers, that the rumble of wheels attracted his notice, and on looking up who should be coming but the colonel, driving along smartly, and interested

"Where is the best fishing to-day, Dick?" he asked cherily as he stepped carefully to the ground. He had a twinge of rheumatism sometimes in winter. The tall millhouse prevented the colonel's seeing who Dick hesitated. He looked up at the sun, and he walked to the railing of the bridge

over the tank and looked at the water mark. "I'd try the pond, colonel." he said. "My boy, Dave, there can paddle you up The colonel also consulted the oracles. "This is the very day for the sheeting,

Dick," he said, after some hesitation. 'Where's my chair?" "Right there in the millhouse, Mass Colonel." said Dick in humble mood, there's somebody fishin' on the sheetin' now. Maybe they might go away presently."
"White or black man?" asked the colonel. "Anybody likely to catch anything?" "Yes, I reckon so," said Dick, shaking his head sagely. "I reckon they knows a good deal bout the fish round this mill. It's Major Bonham what's down there, sir,

Must I tote down your chair?"

The colonel never changed countenance.
"Certainly, carry the chair," he commanded. "I fish where I please. Why should I go blundering up the pond like a blamed fool?" The chair was carried and the colonel installed just off the sheeting, a little lower down on the opposite side from where the major was. The latter never moved an evelash when the colonel came to place. Maybe he didn't see him.

Dick, perplexed how to act under the dramatic circumstances, sent Dave, after a time, to ask the colonel when he wanted breakfast. In the meantime he, Dick, had abstracted the colonel's shining little revolver from under his buggy cushion and hidden it on top of a far-back bale of cottered as he did this. "No use he goin' to i jail at his age. The major's breakfast was delayed until

teau was moored, and the colonel camped by his hamper in the millhouse door. Dick waited assiduously on both, and dispatched his Dave to the spring for drinking water instead of going himself, as usual. He felt it best not to be out of the way. Neither fisherman was in good humor. They had had no luck, a wonderful thing.

Had it not been for the bit of bacon they had brought along there would have been coffee. All through the sunny noon hours came to the hook, a phenomenon that each commented on in barely audible syllables to Dick. In the afternoon the colonel got a fine mormouth, and drove off home only a half hour after his quondam friend had left the ground.

Fishing continued very poor for a week, and, to add to the discomfiture of the major and colonel, who came regularly each day and regularly refused to recognize each other, they found themselves barred out of the pond. Mr. Ulee had given Dick orders that no one was to fish in the pond without special permission; over the stream below the mill he had no jurisdiction. A piculo party having mutilated the edges of his cotton rows that lay on the road, and hav- | the space. ing left the pasture gate wide open, had roused him to self-assertion. The colonel and the major, each in his respective chair on the sheeting, watching bobbing corks well enough to make sure that they could that seldom gave a decisive, promising duck-under, were down in the dumps over the pond-owner's change of attitude tothe creek-fishing, and the despondent outlook for future trolling in the pond if Mr. Ulee continued in this frame of mind. One noonday a wagon laden with bags of corn came to mill, and after having filled his hopper and placed Dave in charge, Dick went down on the sheeting and told the colonel a piece of news. Dick was puzzled news to first, and, not being able to decide. he did the next best thing, he went up to the most aggressive of the two and spoke 'Mr. Bill Ramage has got a wire fish-trap clean across the creek from bank to bank down by the Whabey place," he told. 'Mack Allen druv up there this mornin' island nigger, takin' fish out of the

> The colonel and the major had been sitting like statues all the morning; they had sat so for over a week, under goodness only knows what tempting promptings to speak. Dick's news being of such an overwhelming nature, acted like a bombshell and blew the unnatural silence all to flinders. "By gad! major; but that's an outrage! said the colonel, looking across stream. The major responded with equal warmth. and the two revelled in expletives of wrath and indignation, to the intense delight of

the miller and of the bearer of the impor-

trap.

nothin'.'

"Mr. Ulee can control his own mill-pond but this is a navigable stream, and no one has a right to obstruct it," said the colonel. "We've got the law on our side." "We've got the law," agreed the major, "but we've got no money. Moreover, our land does not touch this stream at any point, and I doubt if, just as our objection would be, we could gain a hearing The colonel looked thoughtful. face brightened. "Let off all your water,

grind," he reminded. "Can't grind with all the water running and the pond goln' "Tell you what," said the major. "Ulee is the biggest property owner round here; you go see him, colonel, you know how to talk, (Dick coughed at this), and get him to prosecute this Ramage. Tell him that the fish were meant for the many, not for the few, and that this trap across the creek is an insuit to him. The colonel looked thoughtful again. He tapped his forehead for inspiration. won't go to see Ulee," he said, "but I'll

get Hattie to draw up a petition and I'l get every man who fishes in this stream to sign it, you and all the others. Ulee's bound to notice that. It was now the major's turn to meditate He walked several paces down stream in his rubber boots and then faced the colonel. "The petition is a good idea," he said, "but why not get my nephew to interfere in the Legislature for us? This is a public matter. I know you don't like the new party, neither do I, but they're in power and we like to fish. We don't like to be driven into a corner. The situation was ticklish. scared, but the colonel didn't catch fire: instead he grabbed his old friend by the

"You're right." he said; "that's what we'll do, and, major, if you'd like to have that liver and white pup of mine, I'll send him over to-night.'

-Olive F. Gunby, in New York Evening WONDERFUL FISH.

If They Can't Get Beef They'll Eat

Gunboats and Ironclads.

New York Sun. Andrew and Christian Christiansen, the Swedish-Americans who are going to the Orinoco next month for alligator hides and birds' feathers, feel aggrieved that their statements about the carnivorous caribes fish were so condensed in the account of them printed in the Sun on Sunday. It was said then, on the authority of the Christiansens, that the caribee was a fish with a cylindrical body, perhaps two inches in diameter and eight or nine inches long. and that its fondness for blood was so great that it would gnaw through the hull of a boat with the object of scuttling the same and chewing up the boatsmen. Students of natural history will from this description recognize a fish well known to South American travelers as a dangerous enemy to him who would take a bath in the Orinoco. Swimmers have been bitten so badly by this fish, we are told by the natural histories, that they have grown faint from oss of blood and have been drowned.

The Christiansens, in an interview yester-day afternoon, added many new incrients to the record of the fish which they call the caribee. The simple Scandinavians meet easily any intimation that their reports are inaccurate or exaggerated. The things they

tracted to the fish," said Christian, "was one day when I had allowed a fold of a rubber blanket to fall over the gunwale and dip into the water. When I drew it the lower level, and Dick cheerfully obeyed. | blanket that had been under the surface was gone. Where it had been was an oval hole, the edges all scalloped as neatly as be kept in the mill house and brought forth though it had been cut with an old-fashioned pinking iron. Just under the surface were a lot of those devilish chub-like fishes, but it never occurred to me to connect them with it. I leaned over the to see what there was in the water that der to fish in desirable spots off of the could have done the thing. My hat brim dipped in just an inch or so. Almost in a second there was a rush of those fish toward it; they came like a flight of stones the major had devised these unique chairs, I ducked my head back and the hat fell in which they would sit just out of the cur- into the water. There was a clicking like forty pair of shears and a sound of ripp and the hat was gone. The wicked things had eaten it. The whole performance scared me, and I sculled ashore to ask about it. There the natives told me that the only reason why the fish didn't come through the bottom of the boat was because it had been smeared with the oil com-pressed from the bodies of the caribees, You can't catch them with net or hook you know; they would simply feed on such things. The only way to kill them is to coax a school of them to the surface by hanging a bit of meat over the water and then shooting a load of buckshot into them. "The boats of the Venezuelan navy are all protected with the oil in that way. Ironclads, too? Why, of course. in the middle of a school of them one time a fool Venezuelan servant of mine droppe my Winchester. He caught it in midalr, but the muzzle had dipped into the water and was cut off perfectly clean. It happened, though, that the blamed muzzle was too long for alligator shooting, anyway, and the cutting off rather improved it. Afterward Andy shortened his gun the same way-you can see the tooth marks on it still. Show it to you? I'm sorry, but we left the outfit at Cuidad Bolivar when we

"Had we better tell them about the Venezuelan naval reserve, Chris?" asked Andrew, and, answering his brother's nod, he

continued

"The Venezuelan government is poor. Its war material is small, and it can't afford to buy more. Twenty miles south of the Cassiaquara Junction there is an inlet, in which the government has impounded thousands of caribees. They are fed twice daily by driving a bunch of cattle out into the inlet. Sometimes one of the beeves wil get knee deep into the water before the caribees see it and make their onslaught. It is a pathetic yet a horrifying sight to see the animals' legs cut through in an instant at the water's level, so that the body falls with a splash when its legs are cut from beneath it. For half an hour before the animals are fed a bugler in the band plays the 'Dead March in Saul.' The seection of this piece was made in the old barbarous days, when it was customary to execute traitors by casting them to the caribees. That was stopped long ago, but nowadays the playing of the bugle has its practical value. If ever in time of war foreign ships should attempt to sail up the Orinoco above tide line (the caribes ton in the dark millhouse. "The colonel strictly a fresh water fish), the shepherd too much like flash in the pan," he mut- of the caribees would embark in a swift launch, and, accompanied by a company of buglers, steam rapidly down the rive while the buglers played the 'Dead March the colonel's might be prepared. Neither in Saul.' No war ship could withstand the was served under the maple. Dick's desire attack of the awful brigade that would an-So great was the success of the four min-strels that Welch engaged them to perform in his circus at a salary of \$400 a week—a sight. First came the shepherds' launch insignificant and harmless looking, with the bugler in the stern singing out the wails of the funeral march. Then, half a cable length behind, came a ripple along the trees, alligators (which the ordinary caribee does not deign to touch) are cut in two and obliterated by the terrible host.

It is the greatest sight I ever saw. "The teeth of the caribee are used as the points for drills and other sharp edged tools. On our next trip we intend to-Sh-h-h!" said Christian. "I forgot," sald Andrew with chagrin They buried their noses in their steins and were silent.

NEXT TO THE ROOFS. How the Upper Stories of Big Builda ings Are Utilized.

New York Commercial Advertiser, There are a great many New Yorkers who are actuated by that curiosity which leads one to the discovery of the secret drawers of a cabinet. They are not satisfied until they account for every bit of

"I'm a pretty old New Yorker myself," said a Wall-street man to-day, "but I've never realized until lately how many odd phases and aspects of city life there were of which I knew absolutely nothing. For two years now I've been wondering vaguely what they do with all the upper space in wards sportsmen; each spoke to the miller, the old office buildings on lower Broadway. at times, of the wonderful falling off in In the edifices erected within the past few years it is easily accounted for. But some of the four and five-story buildings which date back thirty years or more offer a delightful mystery to the man on the outside. He may dispose of all the places of business within the buildings, but there is still something left. The other day I managed as to which fisherman he should tell his to go through two or three of these to gratify my curiosity. I don't suppose that one New Yorker out of a hundred has any idea of the number of homes and families in tones loud enough for the other to hear, that are perched up in the top and rear of these buildings that loom up at night so ominous and mysterious. In a good many cases it's the janitor in charge of the offices below who lives up there with his wife and he seed it with his own eyes, and seed and children, but not always. I went into one of Mr. Ramage's hands, that big Jim | one of these homes, made up of three little rooms, with windows looking out over the 'Taint no wonder people don't catch | roof tops. Why, sir, it was idyllic. The room was filled with the warm noonday sunshine. Flowers were growing in great pots on the window sill. There was in this little palm of proletaire no disturbing element. Over the housetops you could see the silver glint of the river and the hills on the Jersey shore. It filled me with yearnings, sir, with yearnings. They may say that the New Yorker doesn't know how the 'other half' lives. But I don't know but that there are times when the 'other half' has the best of it."

Then He Hurried Away.

Chicago Post He grew enthusiastic as he felt the touch of the joyful season. "Signs of spring on every hand." he said, 'All nature rejoices. There are the birds and the flowers and the grass and the

"And the shop windows," she interrupted, in her suggestive, insinuating way. But he was half way down the steps be-Dick," he urged; "run it day and night and blow the d-n fish-trap to thunder.

But Dick shook his head. "I got to fore she could say more. He knew sor thing about other touches than the touch